

but passing storms to fear. The fortnight that they had spent ashore had enabled them all to pick up their moral and physical strength as well as to recover confidence.

Their preparations were completed in the morning of the 26th. Fritz observed with some uneasiness that clouds were beginning to gather in the south. They were still a long way off, but were assuming a lurid hue. The breeze was almost imperceptible, yet the heavy mass of cloud was rising in a solid body. If this thunder-storm burst it would burst full upon Turtle Bay.

Hitherto the rocks at the far end of the promontory had protected the boat from the easterly winds. From the other side, too, the westerly winds could not have touched it, and firmly held as it was by hawsers, it might have escaped too severe a buffeting. But if a furious sea swept in from the open main, it would be unprotected and might be smashed to pieces.

It was useless to think of trying to find some other mooring on the other side of the bluff or of the bastion, for, even in calm weather, the sea broke there with violence.

" What's to be done f " Fritz asked

the boat-
swain, and the boatswain had no
answer. -

One hope remained—that the storm
might blow
itself out before it fell upon the coast,.
But as they
listened they could hear a distant
rumbling,